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“Lifting me as if I were but a child, he rushed to the edge of the housetop ; and then—horror of horrors ! I comprehended his diabolical intention to cast me over the parapet and dash my brains out upon the pavement below.” Page 30.

THE  
LADY LIEUTENANT.

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A WONDERFUL, STARTLING AND THRILLING NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
MISS MADELINE MOORE,

Who, in order to be near her lover, joined the Army, was  
elected Lieutenant, and fought in Western Virginia  
under the renowned General McClellan; and af-  
terwards at the Great Battle of Bull's Run.

HER OWN AND HER LOVER'S

Perilous Adventures and Hair-Breadth Escapes  
ARE HEREIN GRAPHICALLY DELINEATED.

~~~~~  
The reader may rely upon this narrative as being strictly authentic.  
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PHILADELPHIA :  
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# 'THE LADY LIEUTENANT.

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In giving you, reader, an account of the wonderful adventures through which it has been my fortune to pass, it will not be necessary for me to dwell upon my early history. Let it suffice, therefore, when I tell you that I was born in chivalrous old Kentucky, in the city of Frankfort, some twenty years ago, and that I received, in early life, a good education. My mother died when I was young, and my father some years since, leaving me, an only daughter, heir to quite a handsome property. At the age of eighteen I fell in love, as the saying is, with one Francis Ashton, a noble youth, about two years my senior, then a student at Law, in Frankfort. Frank was of a good family, and his father possessed a small property; but, there being some five or six to come in as heirs, left his portion too small to be of any account, other than to assist him in the acquirement of his profession.

But this did not matter with me, for I was not one to make money a god. Young, ardent, and rather romantic, I was just the person to be pleased with such a noble young fellow as Frank; and, I boldly make the confession to you, reader, I gave him my whole heart, undivided—for, save him, I had no friend I cared to love. 'Tis true, I had an aunt, who assumed a sort of guardianship over me, and with whom I lived; though it must be confessed, not altogether on the most friendly terms. She was one of those women who can be described by no other term than a “hypocritical blue-stocking;” by which I mean to say, she attended church regularly every Sunday, paid the preacher punctually, gave largely to such charitable societies as were likely to blazon her name to the public, always carried a long, sanctimonious face, read her prayers loudly and boldly, and really passed for what she was not—a most exemplary christian; for in private life she was cross, crabbed and tyrannical, would not give a beggar a crust of bread to save him from starvation, and

toward me she behaved with a vindictive boldness, that, had I ever been brought to love her, would have alienated my affection. Of course we did not agree; for, as I said before, my temperament is quick and ardent, and having been allowed to have my own way when young and with my father, I could not bear dictation and restraint from one no nearer related.

She knew I hated her, if I must use so harsh a term to express the state of my feelings toward her; and she took good care that I should never have occasion to change my sentiments. She not only vented her spite on me, but on all who seemed to like me; and among the rest Frank Ashton came in for his share of her ill-humor. For a time she permitted his visits to the house with only grumbling and cold looks; but finding he cared little or nothing for these, she at last resorted to the bolder measure of telling him his presence was not desired in her house; and as this did not prevent his coming, she finally declared that if he darkened her doors again with his presence, she would order her negro servant to drive him forth. He did not wish to quarrel with her, and so came no more; but this did not prevent our meeting; for the grounds surrounding my aunt's mansion were large and heavily shaded; and we met there in the still hours of night and exchanged sweet words, rendered still sweeter by the romantic charm thrown around them of being stolen interviews.

I mention these things to show how unpleasant was my *home*, and what strong inducements I therefore had for leaving it on the departure of my lover. That Frank loved me as ardently and devotedly as I did him, I have never so much as doubted; but he was a very high-spirited young fellow, and, knowing himself to be comparatively poor, could not bear the idea of allying himself with one so wealthy as myself lest people should say he married for money; and therefore he said we must wait until his course of study should be completed, and he should be able to earn a living by his profession, which he sincerely hoped and trusted would not be long.

In reply I told him that I was one who did not care for the opinions of the world; that the money I had was of no use to me, beyond the pleasure derived from making those I loved happy by it; that I would rather have it sunk in the ocean than that my crabbed, sanctimonious old aunt should touch a cent of it; and that he of all others was most welcome to it; and, I added, there were the very fewest number of young men who would refuse to take it under the peculiar circumstances in which we both were placed. But all my reasoning would not do away with his scruples; and he solemnly averred that, as much as he loved me, he would rather we should never wed, than while he was dependant on my gifts, though they might be ever so freely and cordially given.

Thus matters stood between us when the news reached our neigh-



borhood of the bombardment and fall of Fort Sumter, and shortly following the proclamation of the President, calling for volunteers from the different States for the defence of the Capital. It will doubtless be remembered by the reader that the Governor of our State refused to furnish troops from Kentucky.

Scarcely had the first excitement, occasioned by this refusal to afford Kentuckians an opportunity of adding new laurels to the unfading wreaths that still decked their brows, died away, when it was secretly reported that there was already a regiment forming for the ostensible purpose of constituting a Home Guard, but the real design of which was to offer to the Government at Washington its aid in the suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of peace.

Now, when a project of this kind was once set on foot, or even canvassed freely in the public prints and private circles, there is no spot under heaven where more true valorous enthusiasm prevailed than in the hot-mettled youths of chivalrous old Kentucky. Ever ready for love or war, it hardly needs a hint that their services are required in either quarter to bring them upon the ground of action, ready to do their duty like the gallant, noble fellows they are.

Among the foremost in getting up this regiment was Francis Ashton; and so secretly did he operate, that I, who believed I knew his very thoughts would hardly credit the assertion, when he came one night, and said it was to bid me farewell, that he was going away, and it was, of course, uncertain if ever he should return; but that if he did, he should come back with a name so coupled with deeds of daring and renown as to overcome his delicate scruples to our union.

"Good heavens! Frank," I exclaimed in breathless astonishment, "whither are you going? But then, I know, you are not in earnest."

"Indeed, my dear Madeline, do not mistake me—I was never more in earnest in my life," he replied, with a sigh.

"But why are you going?"

"Because my *country* calls."

"Frank," I rejoined imploringly, "do not leave me. Think how lonely and how friendless I shall be when you are gone. Think of the anxiety I shall feel and the anguish I shall suffer when the tidings of a battle reaches me. For days and perhaps weeks I may not know your fate. Besides there are many willing and anxious to take your place, those who have no such tender ties to bind them to home as you have."

He threw his arms affectionately around my neck, pressed a burning kiss upon my lips, and answered:—

"Nay, dearest, nay, do not urge me to desert my companions in this cause, or to refuse my humble aid to our country when most she needs the brave hearts and strong arms of her children to crush in its infancy this hydra-headed rebellion."

He further said, that he was to hold the rank of captain, and four others, whom he mentioned, would all be officers, one of whom, by the name of ———, a gentleman who had fought with signal success in the Mexican war, was to be colonel.

In vain I tried to dissuade him from his purpose; he said his mind was made up, and more than this, his word was pledged, and he would not retract his engagement.

It would be impossible for me to portray my feelings when I found he was unshaken in his resolve to go and leave me. I felt lonely and almost heart-broken; but suddenly a new idea flashed across my mind, and my spirits regained their wonted buoyancy. Frank noticed the change, but did not know the cause; and he seemed hurt at the thought that I could bear the separation with so much firmness, not to say indifference.

Madeline," he said in tremulous tones, as he held my hand for the final adieu, "Madeline, do you indeed love me?"

"Can you doubt it, Frank?" was my interrogative reply.

"I do not know—I never doubted it till now," he said; "but somehow it seems as if this parting comes easier to you than to me."

"I am striving to keep up my spirits," I rejoined, "that, since you are resolved to go, my foolish complainings and tears may not unman you, and make you regret the step you have taken."

"Still," he said, "I think I could go better satisfied could I see you weep."

I tried to weep to pacify him; but, for my life, I could not start a tear, owing to the rapturous delight I felt in anticipating the result of my new scheme. But I covered my eyes, and forced a few sobs, and in broken sentences and faint tones asked him when he was to go, and how, and if any more were going than just the number he had mentioned."

"We leave two days from to-night," he said, "on a steamer, which is now lying at the wharf in Cincinnati, but which will land on the opposite side of the river, at a place called Covington, to take us aboard some time between dark and ten o'clock. As to others, we want all we can get; and, doubtless, shall pick up a good many volunteers on our way thither, and at the place of starting. We officers are to set out to-night by ourselves, and the men will follow alone, or in companies, as they choose, to the place of embarkation, where we shall all be united again."

Some other conversation passed, unnecessary for me to detail, and then he clasped me almost convulsively to his heart, again and again he pressed his lips to mine, and parted from me with eyes dim with tears, and a heavy heart.

The moment he was fairly out of sight, I hurried back to the mansion, and calling my own faithful servant, bade her run and tell Mary Angiers, an intimate friend of mine that I wished to see her immediately.



The moment she came, I flew to her and kissed her, and laughingly told her that I intended to play a great joke upon my aunt, and that I wanted her assistance, which she readily accorded. I then gave her a purse, and bade her purchase me a complete suit of male attire, with a small pair of whiskers and moustache, which she well knew where to get—for being a little de'il in her own way, she had more than once had such things on to personate a dandy coxcomb of our acquaintance, to the great amusement of her friends. She was delighted at the idea of seeing me in male attire, and bounded away with a laugh to execute her commission. She procured the articles through the negro servant, and brought them to me in the course of an hour. I tried them on, and to my great delight found they fitted exactly; and with the whiskers and moustache on, and my hair cut short, (for against Mary's persuasions I insisted it should be done,) she said I was so altered that had she not seen me dress, she would never mistrust it to be me; and declared that I might visit my aunt, and talk her blind, without her being the wiser as to whom was her guest. I looked in the glass, and must say I fell in love with myself—that is, I should have been apt to take a fancy to just such a youth as I appeared to be. I seemed not more than sixteen; though this age was denied by my whiskers, which made me out at least eight or ten years older; but then I reasoned that some men, even with whiskers, have a very youthful look, and I doubted not I should escape detection.

It was now about nine o'clock in the evening, and I determined to leave Frankfort that very night. Accordingly I collected my money and jewelry together, the former consisting of about two hundred dollars in gold, which I had drawn from the bank for another purpose, and the latter of diamond rings, breastpins, bracelets, chains, &c., &c., worth, in the aggregate, from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars more. These I put in my various pockets, and then prepared to bid farewell to my late residence, (I will not again call it by such a misnomer as home,) which I might now be beholding for the last time. Tears involuntarily started to my eyes as I looked around me—not that I had any regrets about leaving my aunt, but I was to leave scenes that had become dear to me from other associations—and until we are called upon to take a final adieu we know not how closely around the heart are entwined the scenes that otherwise we might think of little account.

But my parting with Mary was the most trying; for she, poor, confiding creature, little dreamed there was any thing more serious than a girlish freak of an hour or two's duration in what I was about to do; and I dared not tell her the contrary; for rather than loose me, she would have betrayed my plot, and so put an end to my adventure. I therefore merely kissed her, apparently with a light heart, though I felt as if I would sink, and said, with a gaiety



wholly forced, that she might go home and happen over the first thing in the morning, and she would see what would furnish her food for laughter the remainder of the day. She believed me and in parting said—

“Madeline, dear, be sure and do it right.”

“I shall, never fear,” was my reply.

“But whither go you to-night?”

“I will not tell you,” I replied, gaily, “as that is a part of my secret and surprise; but come in the morning and you shall know all.”

“But your aunt, Madeline—will she not miss you?”

“No; she does not care enough for me to look into my room, and she will believe I am there.”

“Well, *adios!* and success to your project,” said the fair creature, bounding out of the room and down stairs.

“Amen!” prayed I.

As soon as Mary had gone I extinguished the light, and stole softly from my room, and reached the shrubbery unperceived. I then glided down to the lower end of the park, and passed out through the wicket-gate into a by-lane, which I threaded with great rapidity. I knew where there was an excellent livery stable, and to this I repaired and procured a horse and buggy, with a driver, to take me to the nearest railway station, and the next night I found myself in Cincinnati. I immediately made inquiries if a boat answering the description of the one mentioned by Frank lay at the wharf; and to my great delight was answered in the affirmative, but that it was believed she would go out on the morrow at four o’clock in the evening, with a crowd of passengers bound for Wheeling, Va.; and then my informant concluded by asking me if I knew any one on board or who intended going out in her.

“No one,” I replied; “but having before heard her destination mentioned, I have some thoughts of taking passage in her myself.”

The stranger eyed me a little curiously, I thought, and then rejoined that if I did I should be doing exactly what he had that day done himself; and that if I liked, he would accompany me to the boat at once and introduce me to the officers, whom he represented as perfect gentlemen.

“But, perhaps,” he said, “you would like to join the company now preparing to go out, in which case you will have your passage paid and wages allowed you from the moment you enter the service.”

“The very thing!” I replied, more and more delighted; and he accompanied me to the boat where I was introduced to the captain, and in a few minutes every thing was arranged to my satisfaction.

The next day, which was Sunday, in company with more than a hundred others, I took up my quarters on board; and in the evening, true to the information I had received from Frank, the boat moved over to Covington; and the Kentucky battalion, headed by Col. —,

came on board. Among these I recognized, (with what feelings I leave the reader to imagine,) my own dear Frank, holding the position of Captain. I met him face to face; and seeing I was not recognized, made bold to ask him if he was not from Frankfort. He looked at me closely, but still without any sign of recognition, and replied in the affirmative. I then held out my hand and said I was happy to renew our acquaintance; that I had seen him for a few minutes one night at the house of Mrs. Stuben, (which, reader, was the name of my aunt,) but that I presumed he had forgotten me.

He colored to the eyes at the mention of this name, and drew a deep sigh; but instantly rallied and said I had the advantage of him, as, although my face did look familiar, he could not call my name, for which I must pardon his treacherous memory.

"My name is Albert Harville," I replied; "but as to pardon, none is necessary; for you did not see me but a few minutes, and during that time were busily engaged in conversation with Miss Moore."

Again he colored deeply, and seemed much embarrassed; but finally asked me if I ever had much acquaintance with Miss Madeline.

"But very little," I answered, "yet from what I saw, I formed a very favorable opinion of her. I claim her as a relation," I pursued, "though her father and mine were only cousins."

"She is a noble girl," he replied, warmly, "and one worthy of the best man who lives; and since you have spoken of relationship, it seems as if I could trace some resemblance between you—enough at all events to cause me to feel a deep interest in your welfare. Mr. Harville, I hope we shall be always friends;" and he grasped my hand and shook it cordially—that hand which had been so often clasped in his, though now he knew it not, and I dared not tell him.

Oh! what strange emotions thrilled me at that touch! and how wildly beat my poor heart. It was only by a great effort at self-control that I was prevented from throwing myself into his arms and avowing my deception. But I remembered in time that this would ruin all my hopes of being his companion on such a perilous undertaking, and I restrained the desire.

I shall give no detail of our progress up the river; for events of far greater importance are now crowding upon my mind—events, alas! that will live in memory until the day of death, and which, as I lift my pen to record them, send a cold shudder through my frame, and almost make me shrink from the task with horror. Oh! reader, pray God it may never be your fortune to see what I have seen—to suffer what I have suffered; but let me not anticipate.

In going up the river, Frank and I were much together; in fact, we might be considered inseparable companions. He was ever talking of Madeline, and, as he wanted a confidant, one who could



sympathize with him, of course he chose me; and the flattery I received incog. oftentimes made me blush in confusion; but my blushes, if he saw them, he never attributed to the right cause. One day he said to me:

"Albert, do you know whither we are bound?"

"To Washington City, of course," I answered.

He looked grave and troubled, and motioned me to step aside, as several of our men were within ear-shot. The moment we were in private, he continued:—

"Albert Harville, I already love you as a brother, and you must not be deceived in this matter. We are not bound for Washington."

I expressed surprise.

"No," he continued, "we are bound on a far more perilous expedition; and it is proper you should know our destination ere too late to turn back, and then you can act as you see proper. We are going to rescue Western Virginia from the hands of the rebels, and then raise the glorious banner of liberty and protect her sons in all their rights under the Constitution.

"Well," I rejoined, "Captain Ashton, where you are there will I be—whithersoever you lead there I will follow, if you will permit me to join your company."

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, grasping my soft hand with a pressure that pained me; "By heavens, you are a noble fellow; and you shall not only join my company, but I will use my influence to get you a commission. There is a vacancy of second lieutenant, and this you are just the person to fill."

I thanked him warmly, and was so overcome with various emotions that I had to weep.

Suffice it to say, that on our way up the Ohio, the men of Captain Ashton's company were called together and were addressed by him in a neat, appropriate and enthusiastic manner; and among other things I was recommended to them as a suitable person to fill the vacant office of second lieutenant. The result was that I was unanimously elected, and subsequently received my commission. I should have opposed this election only that I thought that, by holding this office I might be near him I loved; and it was possible I might at some time save his life.

It will only be necessary for me to say that on the way up the men amused themselves in playing cards, singing, dancing, telling stories, cracking jokes, &c. At every place we stopped the people seemed surprised to see such a large number; and more than one hint was thrown out by the citizens as to the nature of our expedition. At last our boat landed at Wheeling, and here we disembarked. We were detained several days before we could get away—no provision for such a purpose having been made, owing to some bad arrangement among the leaders of the expedition. At last we



received orders to march, and soon after encamped in an open woods near which a clear cold spring yielded us an abundant supply of water which we much needed.

Here we remained one day and then commenced our march into the country occupied by the rebels. As yet we had not seen Gen. McClellan, who was expected to join us with another division of our army composed of Ohio and Indiana volunteers; but in a few days we had the satisfaction of seeing him come in sight and soon after join us, taking command. Great was the rejoicing when our commander made his appearance—a fine, noble, military-looking man who seemed “fit to stand by Cæsar and give directions.”

He was much pleased with our appearance and complimented us very highly, and a printed address was immediately distributed among us.

We were now about to advance to battle; and as we neared the place that might prove a grave to many of us, strange feelings caused our hearts to beat with singular emotion. What would be the fate of this gallant army, going nobly forth to liberate a nation from the thralldom of despots? Should we succeed, immortal honors would be upon our heads, and our names would stand out in history among the proudest. Should we fail, then the dungeon, the gibbet, and death, in its most unwelcome aspect, would be our portion. No wonder many were grave, and sad, and anxious, as these reflections forced themselves upon us.

The rebel army, under command of General Garnett, late a major in the United States Army, evacuated their camp in great haste on learning of our approach, apparently hoping to pass Beverly before we arrived, and thus escape the trap set for them by a passage through Cheat Mountain Gap. We entered the rebel camp and found a large number of tents, a lot of flour, camp equipage and clothing, and several sick and wounded, with a note, asking us to give them proper attention. The whole road, for twenty miles, was strewn with baggage thrown from their wagons to hasten their retreat. Finding escape impossible they concluded to give us battle at a town called St. George.

The important moment had now come; and immediately our men were formed into battalions and marched forward under their respective leaders. As the word to forward passed along the lines my heart sank within me—not so much through fear for myself, as for him I loved—and I was scarcely able to stand.

“Courage, Albert!” said Frank, touching me on the shoulder. “Courage, gallant comrade! for we are bound for victory.”

“Or death,” I added, shudderingly.

“True,” he said, mournfully, “it may be death. It is a solemn thought; but then we know that we must die some time, and it is certainly glorious to die in defence of our liberties, the Constitution and the Union.”

"And have you no regrets," I asked in tones tremulous with emotion, "at dying thus afar from kindred, friends and home, without a word for those you leave behind you—for her, who, should she survive you, would drag out a dreary existence with but the one hope left, that, when her spirit should leave this form of clay, she might join you in the realms of bliss above, and there find the happiness denied her when on earth?"

"Ah, yes," he sighed. "Madeline! poor, dear Madeline! what would be her feelings to hear of such a fate for me? But come! this is not the time or place for such things. Yet I cannot quit the subject without making this solemn request, that if I fall, and you survive and escape, you will bear to her the solemn tidings and say I breathed my last with her sweet name upon my lips."

I pressed his hand and promised; and brushing a tear from his eye, he turned hastily away to attend to his duties.

This conversation occurred while we were standing idle, awaiting the order to march; and we had scarcely finished when the order was given, and each took his post and the battalion was put in motion. The town was about half a mile from where we stood, and toward this we moved with military precision, enveloped in darkness, for it yet wanted some two or three hours of daylight. We had marched only about half way to the town, when we were challenged by the sentinels on duty with—

"Halt! who goes there? Who goes there?"

"Friends!" replied the gallant leader of our battalion.

"Advance,—friends,—and give the countersign."

"Column, forward!" cried our leader; and away we rushed after the flying sentinels.

Presently we found ourselves before the enemy who occupied one side of the grand square, a large warehouse being on the opposite side, on the right a large church, and on the left a long, low, black-looking building, all of which were filled with rebel soldiers, who immediately opened upon us a sharp fire, which was done also from the neighboring buildings. The battalion to which I belonged was now placed in a very perilous situation—our position being in the square, exposed to a raking fire, poured in upon us from three directions by concealed enemies. But somehow, the moment the action began, I no longer had any fear. While giving orders to my men a ball whizzed close past my face and lodged in the brain of the sergeant, who stood a little behind me. The next instant there came another and cut down the first lieutenant; and Frank, our captain, received a third in his shoulder. At first he thought himself dangerously wounded, and under this impression exclaimed:—

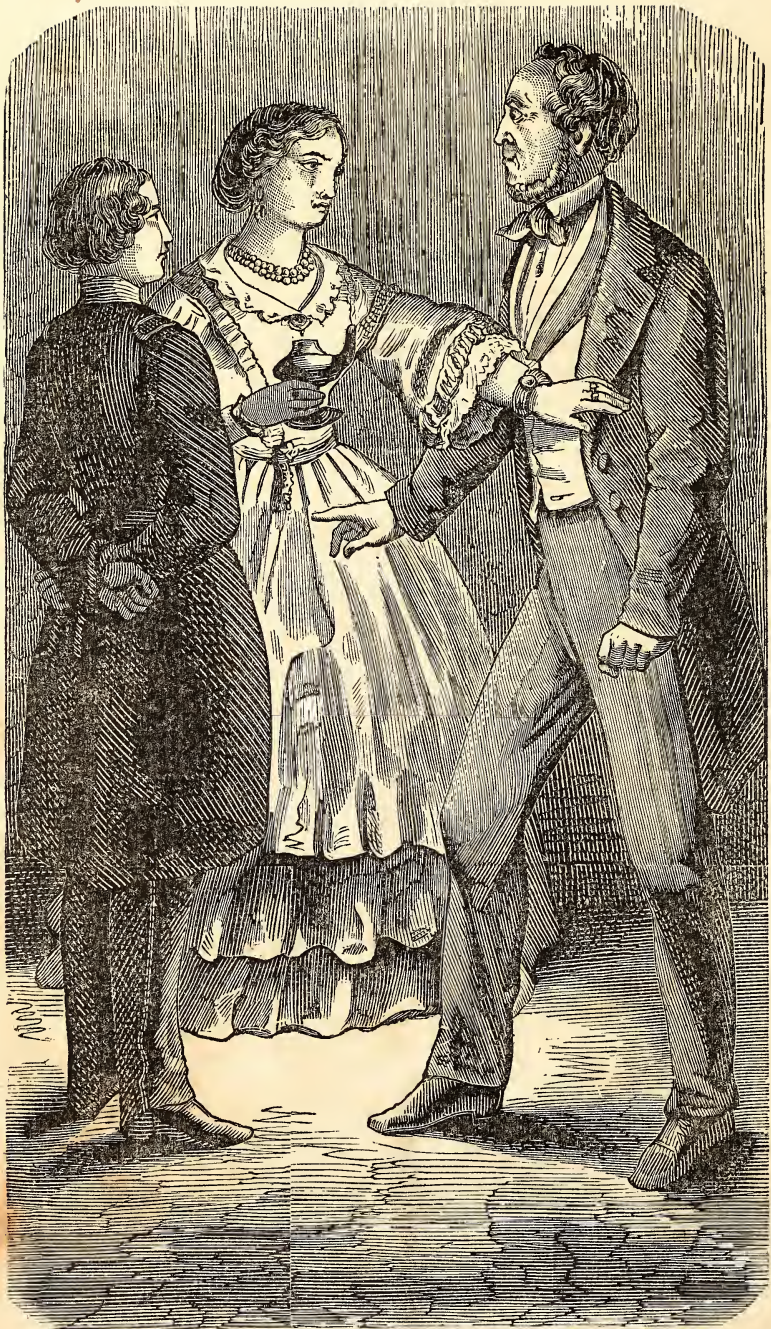
"Soldiers, your leader is killed—avenge his death!"

With a shriek of agony I rushed to his side, exclaiming:—

Where are you wounded, dear Frank?—tell me for heaven's sake, that I may staunch the blood."







"My captor still held me a prisoner with both my hands pinioned behind me. The next moment the door was hastily unbolted, and, to my great delight, I beheld a beautiful lady standing before me, with a silver lamp in one of her hands, the fingers of which were loaded with diamond rings."—Pages 26 and 27.



"I was mistaken," he replied—"I find now that it was only a scratch."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated, fervently.

The order was now given to charge and drive the rebels from their position at the point of the bayonet. From that moment I lost all consciousness; for I remember starting up at last as if awakened by some horrible dream, and hearing a continual discharge of musketry I looked around for my friends, but they were nowhere to be seen. I felt something trickling down my face; and putting my hand to my head discovered it proceeded from a wound on my right temple, which was bleeding profusely. Taking out my handkerchief I bound it around the injured place as well as I was able, and in a short time had the satisfaction of finding that the blood flowed less freely. To increase my gratification I now began to feel my strength returning; and I resolved to move away and get out of danger till the fight was over—more especially as I could do nothing to assist my friends—and the balls from the concealed enemy occasionally came whizzing past in rather too close proximity to where I stood to render my position either safe or agreeable. Accordingly I steadied myself upright and walked slowly away, and soon found myself out of the square in a large open street, which was not lighted save by the stars that brightly twinkled in the far off heavens as though they were looking down upon a scene of peace and quietness rather than on one of blood and carnage. As I gained the further sidewalk of this street I heard the heavy tramp of iron heels on the pavement, and espied, far down it, by the faint light of the stars, a party of rebel soldiers approaching; I saw they must pass close to where I stood, and I looked hurriedly around to see if there was not some way of avoiding them; for I knew if they found me I should be murdered in cold blood. To my horror I saw that there was no chance for escape unless I could reach an alley about half way between me and them, or recross the street, neither of which in my weak state I was able to do in time.

On, on they came—tramp, tramp, tramp—and I began to think my time had really come, when suddenly they were assailed by a party of our own men; and the clashing of sabres, the rattle of musketry, the yells, screeches, shouts and groans that followed, made a fearful din from which I heartily pray to be delivered in future. But I was not safe even now; for the two parties in their rencontre moved gradually up the street; and I saw that unless I could get away, I should be involved in the skirmish wherein it was more than probable I should be killed. Knowing I must do something if I would save my life, I turned back up the street and set off at a feeble pace. But I had scarcely gone half a dozen steps, when, to my horror, I saw a small party of rebels coming directly towards me, doubtless going to the relief of their comrades. They

had moved forward but a short distance towards me when they were set upon by a party of our men, who immediately surrounded them and cut them to pieces, not a single man of them escaping. It was just at this juncture that I was about calling to some of my comrades to come to my relief, when I felt myself suddenly seized from behind and dragged within an open doorway which was immediately closed. This wonderful feat was performed by a courageous old rebel, who, afraid to venture into the street for fear of getting more lead into his head than brains, espying me, and thinking he must perform something for the good of his country, made bold to do that which I have just recorded.

Truly, such noble acts are worthy of knighthood; and it is my opinion he ought to make a journey to Richmond and personally report his valorous doings to Jeff. Davis. Why he did not dispatch me on the spot is more than I can say, unless the idea may have occurred to him that, I being weak, and he being strong, he could easily master me and exhibit me afterwards as a captive he had taken in battle. But, setting aside the cause, it is enough for me to state the facts in the order they occurred.

The moment the door was closed I found myself in some dark place where I could not see a single object, and my captor still held me fast with both hands pinioned behind me in his rude grasp. I made no efforts to get away, for I knew it was useless, and I did not swoon for the same reason. I believed I was about to be murdered; and thinking nothing I could do would alter my fate, I resolved to be as firm and stoical as possible and so await my doom.

Finding that I made no resistance, my captor felt a little more at ease, and demanded my arms; I answered that he was at liberty to take them, but I hoped he would be generous enough to spare my life. He rolled out a volley of oaths about the "d——d piratical abolitionists," as he termed us; and having bound my hands behind me with a cord he had provided for the purpose, and taken all my weapons, he very courageously told me that if I made the least resistance he would shoot me on the spot.

Resistance! I well remember how ridiculous the idea appeared to me at the time; and notwithstanding all my sufferings, I do believe a mirror placed before me then would have shown an ironical smile on my countenance. Talking of resistance to a person in my situation, unarmed, with both hands bound behind me, and scarcely able to support myself on my legs without assistance! it was absurd in the extreme. But then, to give the devil his due, we may premise that Mr. John Randolph Jones, a scion of one of the first families of Virginia, as my worthy captor termed himself, did not know my real strength and wished to be secure against disagreeable surprise. Poor, cowardly old fool! who can blame him for not wishing to be snatched away with all his load of sins upon his head! But to the sequel:—



As soon as he believed all safe he forced me along through the dark passage, by taking hold of my arms from behind, until he came to a door opening to the right, through which he thrust me and then shut and bolted it. Into what kind of place I had been cast I could form no idea, for it was as dark as the passage. I had not long to wait in conjecture, however; for presently I heard the old rebel's voice in expostulation with one in a sharper key, which I rightly conjectured to be a lady's voice, and that of his own wife. The next moment the door was hastily unbolted and thrown open, and to my great delight I beheld a beautiful lady, in the prime of life, with large, lustrous, black eyes, dressed in white, standing before me, with a silver lamp in one of her soft white hands, the fingers of which were loaded with diamond rings, which, glittering in the light, threw out all the colors of the rainbow and set them off in dazzling splendor. A massive bracelet was on her arm, also studded with diamonds; costly jewels pendent from her ears; and on her breast, fastened to white lace that only half concealed her snowy bosom, was a large, beautiful brooch. I beheld her, I say, with delight; for in her open countenance, forcibly contrasted with the pinched, avaricious, cowardly and sinister one of her husband, was a look of compassionate benevolence that left me little to fear.

On beholding me, apparently a mere youth, (for my whiskers and moustache had fallen off during the fight,) all bloody and ghastly pale, she started, turned sharply upon her husband and said something which I did not understand. In a moment I saw who commanded in the house, and felt easy on the score of safety, for the old man looked wofully crest-fallen, and slunk away like a whipped hound; whilst the lady, advancing to me with an anxious countenance, at once placed her hand gently on my head, and in the sweetest voice I ever heard, or at least it seemed so to me then, from its contrast with the rough tones that had of late been familiar to my ears, asked in beautiful English, with a very slight foreign accent, if I were much hurt.

If from a world of misery—an earthly abyss of woe—I had been suddenly transported to Paradise, I doubt me if the joys I should experience, could much exceed the delight I felt in hearing that kind inquiry addressed to me, after the thrilling and terrible events through which I had passed.

In reply to my kind and beautiful hostess I said that I had received a slight, but not dangerous wound, though I felt weak and faint from loss of blood and other causes.

"My husband will soon be here with bandages and liniment," she rejoined; "for I made him go in place of the servant to shame him a little for his brutal conduct towards such a sweet, innocent-looking youth as you—though doubtless, when you grow up, you will be like the rest of your sex, full of deceit. But, heavens! you

are bound ! I did not notice it before. Oh, the old monster ! but he shall dearly pay for this ;” and she proceeded to cut the cords which bound me with a small poignard she carried concealed in her dress.

I thanked her warmly for her consoling words and acts to a wounded stranger, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could restrain myself from throwing my arms around her neck. I believe I should have done so, had I not fortunately recollected in time to prevent so imprudent an act, that I was dressed in male attire, and looked upon as one of the sex I represented—though I doubt, even under the circumstances, that I should have had a very severe reproof had I obeyed the impulse of the moment. As it was, however, I did nothing more than thank her and weep.

Presently her husband returned, bringing the bandages and liniment ; and after giving him another severe reprimand, and sending him away, my fair and tender hostess set about dressing my wounds, which in the course of half an hour she had completed, by which time I knew her whole history, or as much of it as was necessary for me to understand her.

She was born on the isle of Cuba, but received the greater part of her education in the United States, where she married. Her father was the son of a rich Spanish nobleman, who, having incurred the displeasure of his father by marrying one inferior to him in aristocratic station, was discarded and sent away with a few hundred dollars only to begin the world with. He went to Cuba, engaged in mercantile business, and so well prospered that he was able to bring up his family in good style, though he was never what might be termed rich. But the husband of my informant was wealthy ; and for this, and for this only, she had married him. He idolized her, and she hated and despised him, and thus they lived together, as many men and their wives do, the latter being “*masters*,” and having their own way in every thing.

Such was an outline of her history ; and in return for this confidence she wished to know mine. I was obliged, of course, to tell some fictitious story, though I had a great mind to avow the whole truth, only that I feared if she found I was of her own sex her interest in me might in a great measure cease, for I fancied, from many little things I had noted, that she was in a fair way to fall in love with me.

“Well,” she asked, when I had done, “what do you think will be the result of this unnatural war in which we are engaged ?”

“First, a suppression of this iniquitous rebellion ; then a restoration of the Union and re-establishment of the authority of the Constitution in its original integrity throughout the land, I hope,” I replied.

“So hope I,” she answered, sadly, “or rather so would I hope, only that I know it is in vain ; for you can never subdue the South.”



"But the citizens will join our standard and swell our column as we advance," I said.

"You are mistaken," she answered. "Doubtless there are enough who would do so, only that they hold property and fear a failure, which would confiscate the same, and hang them or drive them into exile. No, no; I understand these things better than you do—for I have noted political affairs closely—and know that, so long as the Administration at Washington is ruled by the partizan press of the North, and your most able commanders are annoyed and hampered by the advice and criticisms of petty politicians—

"Who never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle know  
More than a spinster,"

your army will never gain any permanent advantage, and a signal defeat of your arms will yet be the result."

Alas! how prophetic were these words: but I must not anticipate.

In conversation like this the time was whiled away much faster than I had any idea of; and before I thought it possible, knowing the hour of night when our attack was to be made, daylight appeared.

My hostess was very fascinating and kept me busily engaged in conversation; but notwithstanding this I could not help thinking what might be the fate of poor Frank. The roar of battle still continued as fiercely as ever, and I began to grow very uneasy lest victory should be decided against us.

My wound being carefully dressed, and some restorative cordial having been administered to the inner person, I felt greatly revived and felt myself strong enough to go forth in search of my poor Frank; but my hostess would not hear a word of this, but declared I was a lawful prisoner of war, and as such she should hold me until peace was established.

"But," said I, "I have a very dear friend, whose safety I am anxious to look after: and surely you will not detain me against my will?"

"Indeed, I must then," she replied; "for to set you at liberty now would be to allow you to rush upon certain death. Ha! what is that?" she suddenly exclaimed, as a thundering clatter sounding like the tearing down of a building came to our ears. "Come, let us see," and taking me by the hand, she hurriedly led me to the top of the house, the roof of which was flat and surrounded by a high parapet of brick, through which were pierced loop-holes to enable a person on top to look out and see what was going on below with but little danger of being injured.

Looking through one of these, I saw to my great delight that the Kentucky battalion still maintained their ground, assisted by the gallant Ohio and Indiana volunteers. A few poor fellows lay dead in the square, but notwithstanding they fought against great odds,



their ranks had been thinned less than I should have thought possible. The firing still continued on both sides; but the clattering noise we had heard was caused by a part of the troops attempting to beat in the door of the church, before mentioned; and while we were still watching them another rush was made against the door, and it gave way; but instead of allowing our men to rush in the cowardly rebels rushed out, threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

Then it was, dear reader, you should have heard the welkin ring with the shouts of the victors, as I did. Oh! situated as I was, it would have done your heart good; forgetful of every thing, and catching the wild enthusiasm of the moment, I shouted, too, at the very top of my voice.

But, merciful heavens! my shout of triumph was changed to a yell of horror and consternation, as at that moment a ball, sped by the hand of an accursed rebel, laid my fair hostess dead at my feet, her white dress and snowy bosom all crimsoned with her life-blood. Mechanically I turned in the direction from whence the fatal bullet came, and beheld the author of this horrible tragedy looking from the parapet of a neighboring house, which, standing on a slight eminence, overlooked the spot where I stood. The villain, hearing my triumphant shout of victory, and seeing by my dress that I belonged to the victorious army, doubtless thought it a good opportunity to wreak revenge upon me for the loss of the battle, but missed his mark and killed an innocent lady.

For a moment or two horror held me motionless; then I turned to fly whilst I had an opportunity; but at the head of the stairs I encountered the lady's husband coming up, to whom I hurriedly narrated what had transpired. He uttered a cry of anguish and reeled aghast, clinging to the railing for support. For a moment he stood speechless and motionless; suddenly he uttered a yell of hellish fury, clasping me in his arms with a grasp and look of a madman, he shouted:—

“You did it! You shall die!”

In vain I struggled to free myself from his grasp. Lifting me as if I were but a child, he held me at arm's length above his head and rushed forward; and then, horror of horrors! I comprehended his diabolical intention to cast me over the parapet and dash my brains out upon the pavement below. I screamed and struggled, but all in vain; he still held me firm; but just as he was about to make the fatal heave, his foot slipping in a puddle of his wife's blood, he fell forward, and struck heavily against the wall; his grasp became loosened, and knowing that it was either his life or mine, I made a desperate effort, and before he could recover himself, I grasped a large knife, the handle of which was protruding in sight,







"Nobly the mettled animal answered to my call, for with a single bound he o'erleaped the barricade and lit on the other side."—Page 38.



and buried it to the hilt in his heart! With a cry of disappointed rage and agony he fell dead beside his wife. I now fled in horror down the stairs and into the street, and across the street into the square, feeling for the moment as if the curse of Cain was on me, and that I should ever after be branded as a murderer, although I well knew I had acted in self-defence.

The first thing that attracted my attention when I entered the square was Frank Ashton in the act of hoisting the stars and stripes over the rebel flag; and as it unfolded itself to the breeze, a long, loud and wild shout of triumph rent the air; and there upon the battle field, amid the dead and dying, the sound of martial music and the roar of cannon, I knelt and prayed silently, but oh! how earnestly, that the time might soon come, when that beautiful banner with its broad stripes and bright stars untarnished and undimmed, might wave in triumph throughout the broad expanse of our beloved land, giving the world assurance of a people's valor and a nation's glory, bought and hallowed by our soldiers' blood in the cause of freedom!

When Frank had accomplished his task, he turned, and seeing me kneeling upon the ground, and supposing that I was badly wounded, he ran to me, and clasping me in his arms, said:

"Albert, is—is it indeed you? Thank heaven, you are safe! I heard you had fallen in the first of the fight and thought you were killed." He pressed my hand, and earnestly looking at me, while tears of gratitude filled his eyes, he said:

"Oh, more than ever, Albert, do you resemble my dear, dear Madeline! Oh! would to heaven I were with her!"

"She is before you, dearest Frank," was just trembling on my lips, when I recollected myself in time to prevent making my important secret known.

"Yes," he continued, looking at me more closely than ever, "since you have shaved off your whiskers and moustache you look more and more like one far away; but then I know you are her cousin, and that I suppose must account for it. Yet, how have you found time to make your toilet? And where could you have done it in the heat of battle?"

I know I blushed deeply at this, for I felt the hot blood mount to my temples; but I answered as coolly and with as much self-possession as possible, and told him how in the early part of the engagement I had been wounded and taken prisoner, and that, my face being much stained with blood, I had decided on removing all superfluous appendages. I then went on to give him a brief account of what had happened up to the death of my fair protectress—the assault upon me by her husband—the final tragedy—and my escape.

"The cowardly old villain!" cried Frank, alluding to the old rebel, "you served him right! But you must pardon me for not asking after your wounds sooner, for I saw your head bandaged,

but you looked so well otherwise that other thoughts put the query out of my mind."

"It is but a mere scratch," I replied, "so slight in fact that I had myself forgotten it."

We were both now called upon to superintend the burial of the dead and the removal of the wounded to the hospital, and did not meet again until evening.

Just about sunset I was seated upon a camp-stool in front of the house where Frank and myself were quartered, ruminating upon the events of the day, when I saw Frank coming up the street. I knew that he was the bearer of pleasant news, for joy was depicted in every feature of his countenance.

"Albert, my dear fellow," he joyously cried, "congratulate me; I am to be the bearer of despatches from Gen. McClellan to headquarters at Washington, and at my solicitation you are to accompany me. After we have delivered our despatches we have a furlough for two weeks. We start in a few hours, so we will have to hasten our preparations."

We reached Washington in due time without meeting with any adventures that would be interesting to the reader. After delivering our despatches we took rooms at Willard's Hotel. But we had scarcely made ourselves comfortable when the rumor reached us that the Grand Army was about to commence its march towards Richmond. No sooner did Frank learn the truth of this report than he determined to volunteer in this expedition. I tried hard to dissuade him from carrying out his determination, but finding my efforts fruitless, I made the best of it and resolved to accompany him, and as we had been favorably mentioned in the despatches we were accepted into a New York regiment—Frank as first and I as second lieutenant.

The advance of the Union Army into Virginia was a stupendous and well planned undertaking. The troops moved as far as Alexandria without much difficulty, the gallant Fire Zuaves having cleared the way. The centre column advanced from Georgetown, the right flank being protected by General Tyler. Colonel Miles' division was on the left of the centre, while on the extreme left, Colonel Heintzleman's command took care of the central columns. In this manner Fairfax "Court House" was taken on the 17th of July, 1861. On a line right and left with Fairfax the entire column halted and bivouacked during the night of Wednesday the 17th. Beyond a false alarm caused by the discharge of a sentinel's musket, which aroused the entire camp and placed the division under arms, nothing of any account occurred. At eight o'clock, A. M., on the 18th, we broke camp and proceeded to Centreville. Our march to this spot was difficult and dangerous. The pioneers worked like beavers; the roads were barricaded to such an extent that we had to cut our way step by step. The road being straight through heavy

pine woods, we were compelled to throw out skirmishers on our right and left to guard against surprise. At Centreville we remained from Thursday morning until Sunday, the 21st. While the fifth division was encamped in the valley, about half a mile from Centreville, the right flank of the grand column arrived, and a portion of it, under command of Gen. Tyler, were sent in advance towards Bull's Run to reconnoitre the enemy's position and detect his batteries.

The skirmishers were scarcely a mile and a half from Centreville, when a masked battery opened upon them, killing and wounding a number of men. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth regiments, both New York state militia, came up to reinforce our troops, but arrived too late to render any effectual service. In fact they did not even have an opportunity to participate in this fight, all the troops having been ordered back to Centreville. In the evening however we moved forward and encamped upon the battlefield, the enemy having retreated from their position. With the exception of driving in the enemy's pickets and the capture of a few rebels, our camp remained quiet until Sunday morning.

The advance of the Union forces into Virginia having been telegraphed to Washington, streams of carriages came pouring into Centreville, filled with curiosity seekers. Some of the visitors had relatives in the army, others went to see a battle fought for the first time. Many Congressmen and numerous gentlemen of the legal profession and mercantile community were present.

It was at one time rumored that General Scott was at Centreville, and great enthusiasm was manifested by the soldiers when they were told that the gallant hero of a hundred battles was among them. The statement, however, was false, for the veteran Commander-in-Chief was not there.

At five o'clock on Sunday morning we received orders to move forward.

The fact of our remaining on one spot for nearly three days was observed by the enemy, who were so near that the respective pickets could exchange compliments; and taking advantage of this they endeavored to outflank us on our left. To prevent this Col. Miles dispatched Green's battery to a spot about three miles from Centreville, and about two and a half miles from Warrington road. Hunt's battery was placed on the left, about one mile distant from Lieut. Green. From this position the deep gulleys of the "Run" could be plainly seen. At half-past seven, precisely, Lieut. Green observing a cloud of dust arising, and cavalry dashing in that direction, opened the engagement, saluting the rebels with a greeting from his guns. Lieut. Hunt followed his example, and both batteries kept pouring in shot for four consecutive hours. The rebels replied with grape and canister, which was duly appreciated and returned with interest. The firing now became general and the enemy slowly retreated, followed closely by our troops. An assault was contem-



### 36 TERRIBLE FIGHT.—THE RETREAT.—ALBERTS NARROW ESCAPE.

plated, and three régiments, to one of which Frank and I were attached, were ordered to storm the battery. We steadily advanced under a galling fire and were almost in possession of the guns, when a tremendous volley raked our front, and we were compelled to fall back.

Col. Cameron, of the Highlanders, gallantly led on his men to the charge; but he did not live long to see the valiant deeds of those whom he commanded; for after discharging his revolver twice, and while in the act of shooting the third time, a ball penetrated his breast and he fell from his horse upon the field.

Our entire column now pressed forward and had actually captured three masked batteries when we heard a tremendous clattering of horses' hoofs, and looking in the direction from whence it came, I saw the famous Black Horse regiment charging down upon us at a tremendous pace, mowing down every thing in its furious career.

The agonizing shrieks of the wounded, the terrible roar of artillery, and the snorting of frightened animals, tendered to strike terror into the hearts of those in citizen's dress, and becoming alarmed they took to their heels, securing whatever conveyance they could lay their hands upon. From them the teamsters who had driven their wagons further in advance than was necessary, also took fright.

The road being too narrow to turn the ponderous vehicles, in many cases the cowardly drivers cut the traces, mounted their horses and rode off. The army wagons rushing down the road spread the panic to an alarming extent.

It would be impossible for me to describe with accuracy the scene which followed; and so I am compelled to confine myself to the narration of my own adventures. Before I hardly knew what was taking place, I found myself almost ridden over by a rebel trooper—so near in fact that the breath of the horse came full in my face. There was no time for thinking; and acting wholly upon the impulse of the moment, I gave the horse a cut across the nose, and as he wheeled his rider made a cut at me. I saw the glistening of his sabre, and throwing up my sword just in time warded off the main force of the blow, though my guard was beaten down, and I was brought to my knees and slightly wounded in the arm. This maddened more than hurt me, and springing to my feet, I drew my revolver and shot my assailant dead. I had always been considered a splendid equestrian; and one of my favorite amusements, even when a little girl, was riding on horseback. Seeing the horse at liberty, it was but the work of a moment to seize the fiery animal by the bit and vault upon his back.

It may seem rather selfish in me, but the truth is—and I must admit it—just at that time I thought of little else than self preservation; and now that I was mounted, I determined to make my escape. Scarcely however had I advanced a dozen steps from the place of mounting, when two dragoons, perceiving me and separating from

the rest, rode directly down upon me, uttering fierce cries of demoniac delight, both aiming blows at my head as they passed. Throwing up my sword for a guard I did the best I could to defend myself; I escaped one blow by dodging, which, missing me, struck my horse across the neck, and gave him a mortal wound. The other stroke, still more unfortunate for me, beat down my guard and cut a deep gash in the back of my head, my cap having fallen off during the encounter.

My poor beast stumbled forward and fell, and I went down with him half stunned and bewildered with the blow I had received. This doubtless saved my life; for, thinking me killed, my assailants rode swiftly away to join their companions. Fortunately the horse, in falling, went down on his knees, which gave me time to draw my foot from the stirrup ere he rolled over on his side and expired. Feeling weak and faint I now laid down by his side for a few minutes, during which the cries, groans and yells of the wounded and the roar of the battle made me tremble for the safety of him I loved. But what could I do to aid him? Unused to such rough scenes I dared not venture again into the heat of conflict, for I knew myself too weak to cope successfully with the stern warriors of the opposite sex, and the attempt I felt satisfied would cost me my life.

How long I remained by the horse I do not know; but when I raised my head and looked around I saw that the assailing party, which came so near putting an end to me, had been repulsed by my brave comrades with great loss, and that our army was in full retreat towards Centreville. I now raised myself upon my feet; but every thing swam around me, and it was some time before I could stand without taking hold of the carcass of my poor beast, and walking was out of the question. Finally I espied a canteen upon the ground, and hoping it might contain wherewithall to quench my thirst I dragged myself to where it lay, and placing it to my parched lips I swallowed about half its contents, and with the remainder bathed my throbbing temples. Feeling considerably refreshed and my strength returning, I slowly moved after our retreating forces.

The scenes on the battle field beggar description. The ground was strewn with the dead, the dying and the wounded. Here lay one man with his leg shot off, there another with a wound in the head, a third sitting, supported by a tree at his back, with one arm missing and the other dangling at his side, the flesh torn and the bone shattered by a musket ball, and hundreds wounded in all the different parts of the body. The shrieks of agony from the suffering soldiers was truly heartrending; and sickening at the sight I sank exhausted upon the ground. As I lay thus I espied a horse and his rider coming toward me at full speed, the latter swaying to and fro in his seat as if from intoxication; as he neared me, with the sole idea of self-preservation, I sprang in front of him and threw up my

arms; the horse came so suddenly to a stand that the rider was thrown headlong some twenty feet beyond. The frightened beast stood trembling in his tracks, and taking him by the bridle rein which his rider had dragged over his horse's head in falling, I soon pacified the alarmed beast, and with considerable difficulty clambered into the saddle; as I spoke to him he bounded forward with lightning speed, my spirits were revived by the cool breeze created by the motion, and I felt my strength returning. I was never better mounted in my life, and rapidly we gained upon our flying forces. Some distance in advance I saw a gun carriage with four powerful horses attached, rushing down a steep hill at a tremendous pace. As I overtook it I observed a poor soldier running along beside it, between the fore and hind wheels, with his hand upon the breech of the gun; several times I saw him try to spring upon the carriage, but each time without success. At length, as they reached the foot of the hill, one of the wheels ran into a deep rut in the road, the poor soldier lost his hold, and falling to the ground the hind wheel of the gun carriage passed over his head, crushing it like an egg-shell. I uttered a cry of horror, and urged my horse to redoubled speed; as I turned the corner of a fence I saw before me an overturned provision wagon; at the rate we were going I saw in an instant that if we came in collision with the overturned vehicle the result would be instant death to both horse and rider. I tried to check our speed and to turn my horse aside, but all in vain; the maddened beast had taken the bit in his teeth, and my efforts to restrain or guide him were entirely fruitless; on, on we dashed to inevitable destruction.

When at home I had been accustomed to follow the chase, and the thought presented itself that the horse I rode was perhaps not a stranger to the noble sport—happy thought. As we neared the obstruction I raised myself in the stirrups, tightened my grasp upon the reins, and leaning slightly forward, I shouted as had been my custom when riding at a fence or wall. Nobly the mettled animal answered to my call, for with a single bound he o'erleaped the barricade and lit on the other side. On we sped as before, until, all reeking and panting, my noble preserver carried me safely to the front of our column.

We soon reached Centreville, and thus ended the battle of Bull Run, the hardest contested and most sanguinary engagement ever fought upon the American continent.

But Frank—my own beloved Frank—was among the missing. For some time I could find no one who could give me tidings of him; but at length I espied one, and running to him I exclaimed:

"Where is Lieutenant Ashton? Have you seen him? Is he dead or alive?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the man in astonishment—"I see you're alive, though we all thought you were killed certain."



"But—Lieutenant Ashton,"—I gasped.

"Why—he—poor fellow"—

"Speak! Speak!" I interrupted, wildly.

"He's badly wounded, but"—

"He is alive, then? Quick! Quick! Bring me to him, and here is gold for you," and I threw him down a half-eagle.

"Why, you're in luck, Lieutenant: but follow me, and I'll show you where he lies;" and hurriedly passing down the street he led me to the building used as a hospital, and there I beheld Frank, pale as a corpse, stretched out upon a rude pallet, and the surgeon standing over him probing a deep wound in his side made by a musket ball.

The moment he beheld me he smiled faintly and reached out his hand, which I seized and pressed to my heart, with what feelings I leave the reader to imagine.

"I am glad to see you safe, Albert," he said, in a faint tone; "glad! yes—oh! you don't know how glad!"

"Are you dangerously hurt, dear, dear Frank?" I broke forth in a tremulous voice.

"Speak, Doctor," returned Frank; "say what you think, do not fear to speak the truth; for I am a man and a soldier, and can bear to hear it calmly although it dooms me to lose all the bright things of earth."

"It is a case requiring great care and careful nursing; and the latter alone can save you."

"Then he shall be saved," cried I, vehemently, "for I will nurse him like a mother."

As soon as I could I had Frank removed to comfortable apartments and sent for a special physician, who attended him daily until he recovered sufficiently to be able to sit up and walk, which was not for some two or three weeks. I was constantly by his side, and felt very—oh! so very happy in being near him, although during all our close association he had not discovered my secret. One day during his convalescence we took a stroll; and sitting upon the grassy bank of a beautiful streamlet, margined by lofty forest trees, "whose coolest foliage musical with birds," sheltered us from the heat of a summer's sun, we listened to the rippling murmur of the waves and enjoyed the cool breeze that fanned our brows and temples. It was a scene calculated to excite reflection, and we both became lost in reverie. Suddenly Frank looked up and said:—

"Albert, if I had ten thousand dollars I should be the happiest living being."

"How so?" I asked.

"Because I would then do two things that would make me happy."

"And those two things are?"—

"Rewarding you for the untiring watchfulness and care you have bestowed upon me, and marry Madeline Moore."

"And I will tell you," I replied, "how you can have twice ten thousand dollars, and reward me without a cent."

"How? how? pray tell me how?" cried Frank, eagerly.

"By simply marrying Madeline Moore."

"But I am poor, Albert, and it would never do," he sighed.

"But it will do, and *shall*," I persisted, "for she loves you dearly."

"Come, come, no flattery—how do you know she loves me? Are you her confidant?"

"I am."

"You surprise me—you never told me that before. I thought you barely knew her, and that was all."

"I know her better than you do," I returned; "and I know she is a girl who would make any sacrifice for the being she loves; and that she loves you truly and devotedly I pledge you my honor as a soldier."

"If I could believe it!"

"You must and shall believe it, for I am now about to surprise you still more with the proof. Look well at me, dear Frank, and in Albert Harville—behold Madeline Moore!"

Had a bombshell burst at his feet he could not have been more surprised than at these words. He started up fairly aghast and cried:

"You! you! you—Madeline Moore?"

"I am, do you not know me, dear Frank?"

He uttered a wild cry of surprise and joy, threw his arms around my neck, and burst into tears.

Reader, let me draw a veil over what followed. Suffice it to say in conclusion that Frank and I are now husband and wife. We have returned to our native place, and each is happy in the other's love.

Reader, the foregoing narrative *may be relied on as strictly authentic*. I have changed nothing but our names—these, of course, are fictitious. Hoping that you may be happy as the hero and heroine of this humble story, is the sincere prayer of her who now addresses you for the first and last time.—Farewell.

THE END.

*Original*

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